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at every epoch. It may be deemed impossible now-a-days.

Is it not consoling to think that the most skillful and the best paid writer of our generation is likewise the proudest of them all?

NOT FORGOTTEN.

I left her:—loth was I to go—
She was my promised wife—
The pledge, long sought, had made its mark
In joy upon my life.
'Twas like the Bow of Promise placed
By God's hand, high above,
To me a sign of storms all passed—
A covenant of love!

A weight of sadness crushed us
When the hour of parting came;
A dark and drear foreboding fell—
A dread without a name.
It seemed a living Presence
Threat'ning stood between us two,
And we felt its blighting shadow,
As we said our last adieu.

What was it trembled at our hearts—
That caused our cheeks to pale?
A shudder, such as thrill those souls
Who hear the Banshee's wail!
Still, firm in faith of our great love,
We saw the Shadow fade.
I kissed the roses back again
Ere the last words were said.

I know we counted hour by hour,
And kept the tally true;
Had I but known—I would have held
The moments as they flew,
And spun them into long, long years,
Each year an Age, if then
I but might clasp my living love,
Close to my heart again.

I lingered in my distant home
Three weary years or more;
The laggard post, with leaden feet,
Sweet welcome greetings bore.
But then there came a lapse—no word,
No token from her hand—
And then, between my love and me,
I felt the shadow stand!

It was a gaunt and formless shape,
I viewed it with hushed breath,
I felt its cold hand on my heart,
And each pulse-throb said—Death.
There was no pause, no stop, no rest,
No wait for time nor tide—
I felt my loved one could not die
Without me by her side.

I dared not stay that gentle soul
On its blest, heavenly way;
I cared not for the blasted life
That must be mine alway.
I knew that halting 'tween the two,
God's grace and human love,
The soul of my soul fluttered,
Ere it took its flight above.

So I pressed on, ever onward,
Never dust clung to my feet,
Till I walked with lying calmness
Up the well-remembered street.
I passed the door, unconscious,
I stood beside her bed—
I knelt adown and took her hand—
Alas! my love was dead!

I bent to kiss her pallid brow
Which gave no sign—not one,
With sorrow beating at my heart,
Which grief had turned to stone.
Then broke the pent-up agony—
As some fierce dammed-up stream—
And burst the fetters from my mind
Which had been all a-dream.

The bitter sobs broke from my lips,
The hot tears coursed adown—
O God! there culminated all
Of woe the earth has known.
It mattered not that I had felt
The woe that was to come,
That moment flashed the truth to me,
And brought the sorrow home.

Home to my breaking heart, while I
Rained tears upon her cheek
And uttered wild and frantic prayers—
If she would only speak—
If from this death trance she would give
A token or a sign;
One look, one sigh, one pressure faint
Of her cold hand in mine!

And then there passed across her face
A transient flush of life,
In which Soul combatting with Death,
Rose victor in the strife.
The closed eyelids slowly oped,
But with a gaze distraught,
As though the soul sublimed from clay,
Its heaven with longing sought.

And then a change—O fading cheek!
Life's flush for ever gone!
One glance of love she beamed on me,
One glance—one—only one!
But in that glance the single love
Of all her stainless life
Was centered—then the calm of death
Usurped Earth's passion strife.

Sublimely beautiful, my love,
Thy face comes back to me,
With God's own holy halo round
Its frail mortality.
With God's grand impress on thy brow
That look comes back again,
And thanks from my long widowed heart
Rise up in fervent strain.

Rise upward, in a psalm glad
That in that last fond look
Thy love revealed itself to me
As in a written book.
Whose words, in golden letters stamped,
This blessed solace gave—
That love unsullied in its truth,
Can triumph o'er the grave.

HENRY C. WATSON.

BELLINI.

BY ARTHUR POUGHN.

Translated from the French by MARGARET CECILIA CLEVELAND.

I.

"It is prejudice to believe that genius ought to die early. I believe that the space between thirty and thirty-five years has been assigned as the age most fatal to genius. How many times I have joked and teased poor Bellini on this subject, in predicting that in his quality of genius, he ought to die soon, as he had attained the critical age! Strange! notwithstanding our tone of gaiety, this prophecy caused him an involuntary disquiet: he called me his *jettatore*, and never failed to make the sign of the cross. He had such a strong desire to live! The word death excited in him a delirium of aversion; he did not wish to hear death spoken of; he was as afraid of it as a child who fears to sleep in the dark. He was a good and amiable child, a little self-sufficient at times, but one only had to threaten him with his approaching death to make his voice modest and supplicating, and see him make with raised fingers the sign of disenchantment from the *jettatore*. Poor Bellini!

"You were then personally acquainted with him? Was he handsome?

"He was not ugly. We men can do little more than to answer affirmatively such a question upon one of our sex. A figure lithe and swaying, movements graceful and almost coquettish; always dressed faultlessly; regular features, florid complexion, blonde hair, almost golden, worn in light curls, a noble forehead, high, very high, straight nose, pale blue eyes, a well proportioned mouth, and round chin. His features showed something vague and without character, although they sometimes changed into an expression of bitter-sweet sadness. This sadness replaced *esprit* in Bellini's face; but it was a sadness without depth, the light of which vacillated without poetry in the eyes, and trembled upon the lips without passion. The young maestro seemed to wish to display in all his person this soft and effeminate grief. His hair was curled with a sentimentality so dreamy, his garments fitted with a languor so supple around his slender figure; he carried his Spanish cane with an air so idyllic that he always reminded me of those shepherds that we have seen mincing in Pastorals, with ribboned crook and breeches of rose colored taffeta. His gait was so feminine, so elegiac, so ethereal! His entire person had an air of sentimental foppishness. He had much success with the women, but I doubt if he ever inspired any great passion. For me, his appearance had something pleasantly annoying, the reason of which I could account for in his bad French. Although Bellini had lived in France several years, he spoke the French language as badly as they speak it in England. I ought not to qualify this language by bad: bad is here too good. It is necessary to say: frightful enough to make one's hair stand on end! When in the same *salon* with Bellini, his proximity always inspired a certain anxiety, intermingled with a feeling of awe which repulsed and attracted at the same time. His involuntary puns were often of an amusing nature, and brought to mind the chateau of his compatriot, the Prince of Pallagonie, which Goethe in his "Travels in Italy," represents as a museum of strange extravagances and monstrosities. And

as Bellini always spoke with unaffected seriousness, the gravity of his face strangely contrasted with the grotesqueness of his words. Bellini's face, like the rest of his person, had that fresh exterior, that *fleur de carnation*, that rosy color which gave a disagreeable impression to me, who prefer a marble paleness. It was only later, after more frequent intercourse, that I felt for him a real friendship. That came when I found that his character was truly good and noble. His soul certainly remained spotless amidst the demoralizing influences of life. He was not devoid of that naive and childlike *bonhomme* that one often finds in men of genius, although it was not perceivable at first."

Before tracing the life of Bellini, speaking of his genius and estimating his worth, I wished to describe his person, and inspire from the first my reader with a sympathetic feeling for this tender face, dreamy and melancholy, in which I was pleased to discover a souvenir of Raphael, of Mozart, and of Andre Chénier. I have thought that this result could not be better attained than in reproducing here the portrait, a little fantastic, assuredly, which Henri Heine, that German humorist, who understands so well all the suppleness of the French language, has traced of Bellini, in his "Reisebilder." An Italian described in French by a German, that certainly does not lack originality, but that was not what impressed me. Heine had known, had seen Bellini in Paris, and his souvenirs were fresh, when he put on paper the several lines which concern this charming and adorable musician. Apart from the eccentricities familiar to this German, of exceptional nature, we could pronounce the portrait to be natural and resembling, as the principal lines represent well what, on our part, we knew of Bellini. Having joined to that the particular savor of all that comes from the pen of Heine, the choice of the preceding fragment will be easily understood.

This much said, let us enter into detail.

[To be continued.]

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

GIOTTO.

Born 1276, Died 1336.

(Concluded.)

The second representation is the Last Judgment. Above, in the centre, Christ and the Virgin are throned in separate glories. He turns to the left, towards the condemned, while he uncovers the wound in his side, and raises his right arm with a menacing gesture, his countenance full of majestic wrath. The Virgin, on the right of her Son, is the picture of heavenly mercy; and, as if terrified at the works of eternal condemnation, she turns away. On either side are ranged the prophets of the Old Testament, the Apostles and other saints—severe, solemn, dignified figures. Angels, holding the instruments of the Passion, hover over Christ and the Virgin; under them is a group of archangels. The archangel Michael stands in the midst, holding a scroll in each hand; immediately before him another archangel, supposed to represent Raphael, the guardian angel of humanity, cowers down, shuddering, while two others sound the awful trumpets of doom. Lower down is the earth, where men are seen rising from their graves; armed angels direct them to the right and left. Here is

seen King Solomon, who, whilst he rises, seems doubtful to which side he should turn; here a hypocritical monk; whom an angel draws back by the hair from the host of the blessed; and there a youth in a gay and rich costume, whom another angel leads away to Paradise. There is wonderful and even terrible power of expression in some of the heads; and it is said that among them are many portraits of contemporaries, but unfortunately no circumstantial traditions as to particular figures have reached us. The attitudes of Christ and the Virgin were afterwards borrowed by Michael Angelo, in his celebrated Last Judgment; but, notwithstanding the perfection of his forms, he stands far below the dignified grandeur of the old master. Later painters have also borrowed from his arrangement of the patriarchs and apostles—particularly Fra Bartolomeo and Raphael.

The third representation, directly succeeding the foregoing, is Hell. It is said to have been executed from a design of Andrea, by his brother Bernardo. It is altogether inferior to the preceding representations in execution, and even in the composition. Here, the imagination of the painter, unrestrained by any just rules of taste, degenerates into the monstrous and disgusting, and even the grotesque and ludicrous. Hell is here represented as a great rocky caldron, divided into four compartments rising one above the other. In the midst sits Satan, a fearful armed giant—himself a fiery furnace, out of whose body flames arise in different places, in which sinners are consumed or crushed. In other parts, the condemned are seen spitted like fowls, and roasted and basted by demons, with other such atrocious fancies, too horrible and sickening for description. The lower part of the picture was badly painted over and altered according to the taste of the day, in the sixteenth century; certainly not for the better.

ANDREA ORCAGNA is supposed to have painted these frescoes about 1335, and he died about 1370.

Simone Martini, usually called SIMONE MEMMI, was a painter of Sienna, of whom very few works remain; but the friendship of Petrarch has rendered his name illustrious. Simone Memmi was employed at Avignon, when it was the seat of the popes (about 1340,) and there he painted the portrait of Laura, and presented it to Petrarch, who rewarded him with two Sonnets—and immortality. Simone also painted a famous picture on the wall of the Spanish chapel in the church of Santa Maria Novella, which may still be seen there. It represents the church militant and triumphant—with a great number of figures, among which are the portraits of Cimabue, Petrarch and Laura. He also painted in the Campo Santo, and his pictures there are among the finest in expression and in grouping. He died about 1345. There is a picture in the Louvre, at Paris, No. 1115, attributed to him. It represents the Virgin crowned in Heaven amid a chorus of angels, a subject frequently treated by Giotto and his scholars.

Pietro Lorenzetti painted in the Campo Santo, the Hermits in the Wilderness. They are represented as dwelling in caves and chapels, upon rocks and mountains; some studying, others meditating, others tempted by demons in various horrible or alluring forms, for such were the diseased fancies which haunted a solitary and unnatural existence. As the laws of perspective were then unknown, the various groups of hermits and their dwellings are represented one above another, and

all of the same size, much like the figures on a china plate.

Antonio Veneziano also painted in the Campo Santo, about 1387, and showed himself superior to all who had preceded him in feeling and grace, though inferior to Andrea Orcagna in sublimity. A certain Spinello of Arezzo was next employed, about 1380. He painted the story of St. Ephesus. Spinello seems to have been a man of genius, but of most unregulated mind. Vasari tells a story of him which shows at once the vehemence of his fancy and his morbid brain. He painted a picture of the Fallen Angels, in which he had labored to render the figure of Satan as terrible, as deformed, as revolting, as possible. The image, as he worked upon it, became fixed in his fancy, and haunted him in sleep. He dreamed that the Prince of Hell appeared before him under the horrible form in which he had arrayed him, and demanded why he should be thus treated, and by what authority the painter had represented him so abominably hideous. Spinello awoke in terror. Soon afterwards he became distracted, and so died, about the year 1400.

But the great painter of this time, the third alluded to above, was TADDEO GADDI, the favorite pupil of Giotto, and his godson. His pictures are considered the most important works of the fourteenth century. They resemble the manner of Giotto in the feeling for truth, nature, and simplicity; but we find in them improved execution, with even more beauty and largeness and grandeur of style. His pictures are numerous; several are in the Academy at Florence, and the Museum at Berlin; none, that we know of, in England. In Ottley's engravings of the early Italian schools are three grand seated figures of the Fathers of the Church, from Taddeo's most famous picture, the fresco in the Spanish chapel at Florence, usually entitled the Arts and Sciences. Between Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Memmi there existed an ardent friendship and a mutual admiration, which did honor to both. All that Taddeo painted in the Campo Santo is destroyed. At Paris, in the Louvre, are four small pictures attributed to him; and at Berlin four others larger, more important, and more authentic. Another of Giotto's most famous followers was Tommaso di Stefano, called Giotto, or "the little Giotto," from the success with which he emulated his master.

Towards the close of this century, the decoration of the Campo Santo was interrupted by the political misfortunes and internal dissensions which distracted the city of Pisa, and were not resumed for nearly a hundred years. The paintings in the church of Assisi were carried on by Giotto and by Giovanni di Melano, but were also interrupted towards the close of this century.

We have mentioned here but a few of the most prominent names among the multitude of painters who flourished from 1300 to 1400. Before we enter on a new century, we will take a general view of the progress of the art itself, and the purposes to which it was applied.

The progress made in painting was chiefly by carrying out the principles of Giotto in expression and in imitation. Taddeo Gaddi and Simone excelled in the first; the imitation of form and of natural objects was so improved by Stefano Fiorentino, that he was styled by his contemporaries, *Il Scimia della Natura*, "the ape of Nature." Giotto, the son of this Stefano, and others, improved in color, in softness of execution, and in the means and mechanism of the art; but oil painting was not yet invented, and linear per